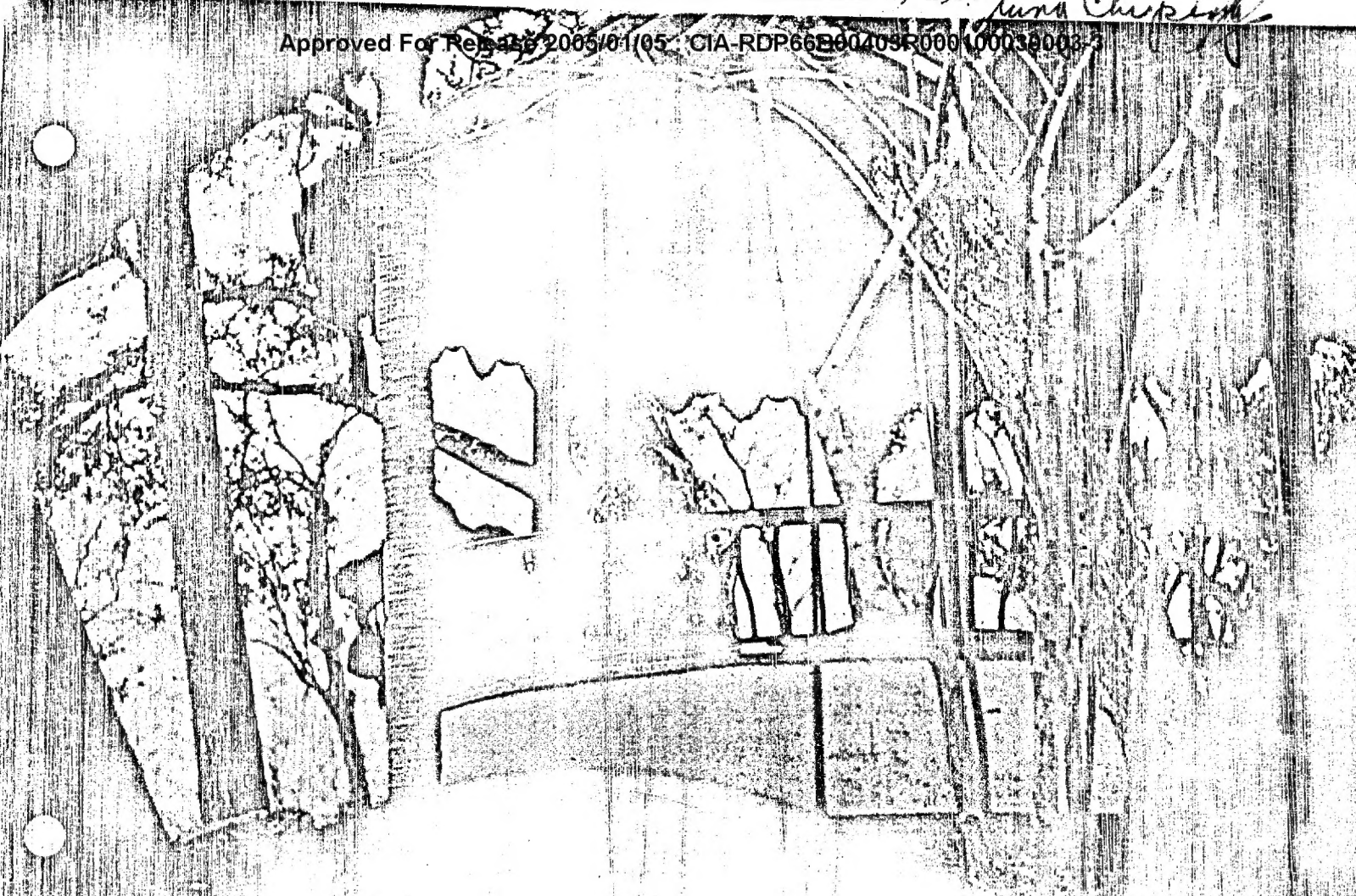


June Chaplin

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RED

What has happened to more than
700 million Chinese, hidden for fifteen
years behind a Bamboo Curtain?

CHINA

A Red Chinese diplomat, who recently defected
to the United States, tells what life is like in China
today, and describes the grand strategy of

Mao Tse-tung for planting his brand of communism
in the ripe, underdeveloped corners of the world

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Tung Chi-ping (above) is the first Chinese defector to have been raised and educated under communism. He schemed seven years for freedom, finally seized it in Central Africa with a five-minute taxicab ride. Now learning English here, he hopes to continue his education at an American university.

By TUNG CHI-PING as told to QUENTIN REYNOLDS



WHY DID I defect? Why, on May 26, 1964, did I give up a coveted career as a Red Chinese diplomat in Central Africa for a future of uncertainty? The official protest

by the Red China Embassy to Burundi claimed that I was "kidnapped and held by members of the United States Embassy in Burundi." The news of my "kidnapping" was also carried by the Shanghai and Peking newspapers. They lied.

I am telling the true story now in the hope that it will reach my family in China.

I arrived in Bujumbura, the capital of Burundi, on May 25, 1964, to take up my duties as assistant cultural attaché of the Chinese Communist Embassy. Eighteen hours later, I walked into the United States Embassy and pleaded for political asylum. Now, I am in the United States. For seven long years, I had dreamed of this, and everything I had done back in Shanghai and Peking was directed toward this end.

I have been in this new country of mine almost four months, and if I am warmed by the friendship of many Americans, I am just as often bewildered because so few of those I meet seem to realize the enormous threat Red China poses to the new African nations. Most people concentrate on the Chinese Communist threat to Southeast Asia. There is a saying in Peking and in the Communist diplomatic world that Mao Tse-tung can take over Southeast Asia any time he wishes by making six phone calls. Mao is wasting little money and little propaganda in that part of the world. He is far more interested in the com-

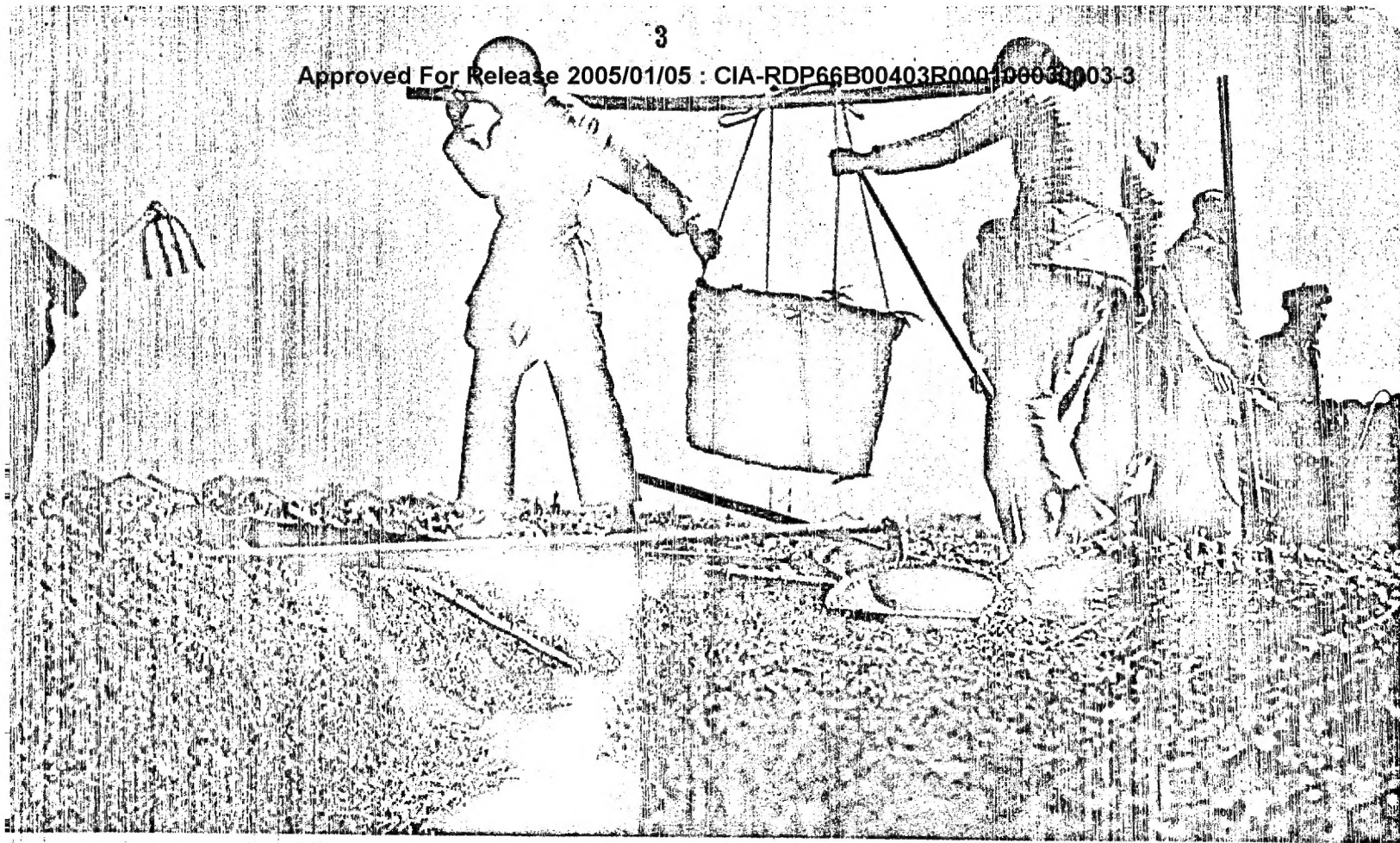
Africa today has the highest priority, and that is why I, a very junior 24-year-old diplomat, was sent to Burundi, where the official language is French. The most important part of my seven-year program to get out of China was to master the French language. Very few Red Chinese diplomats speak any language but their own, and I felt that, once I knew French, I might be sent abroad at least as an interpreter.

Not many Americans to whom I have spoken have ever heard of little Burundi. Geographically, it lies between the Congo Basin and East Africa, and because it is the gateway to the Congo, this small, hilly, underdeveloped, overpopulated nation is important in Mao's long-range plan to dominate as much of Africa as he can. Before I was sent to Burundi, I had been thoroughly briefed on the progress being made there and the plans for the future. Again and again, my superiors repeated Mao Tse-tung's statement: "When we capture the Congo, we can proceed to capture the whole of Africa. Burundi is the stepping-stone for reaching the Congo."

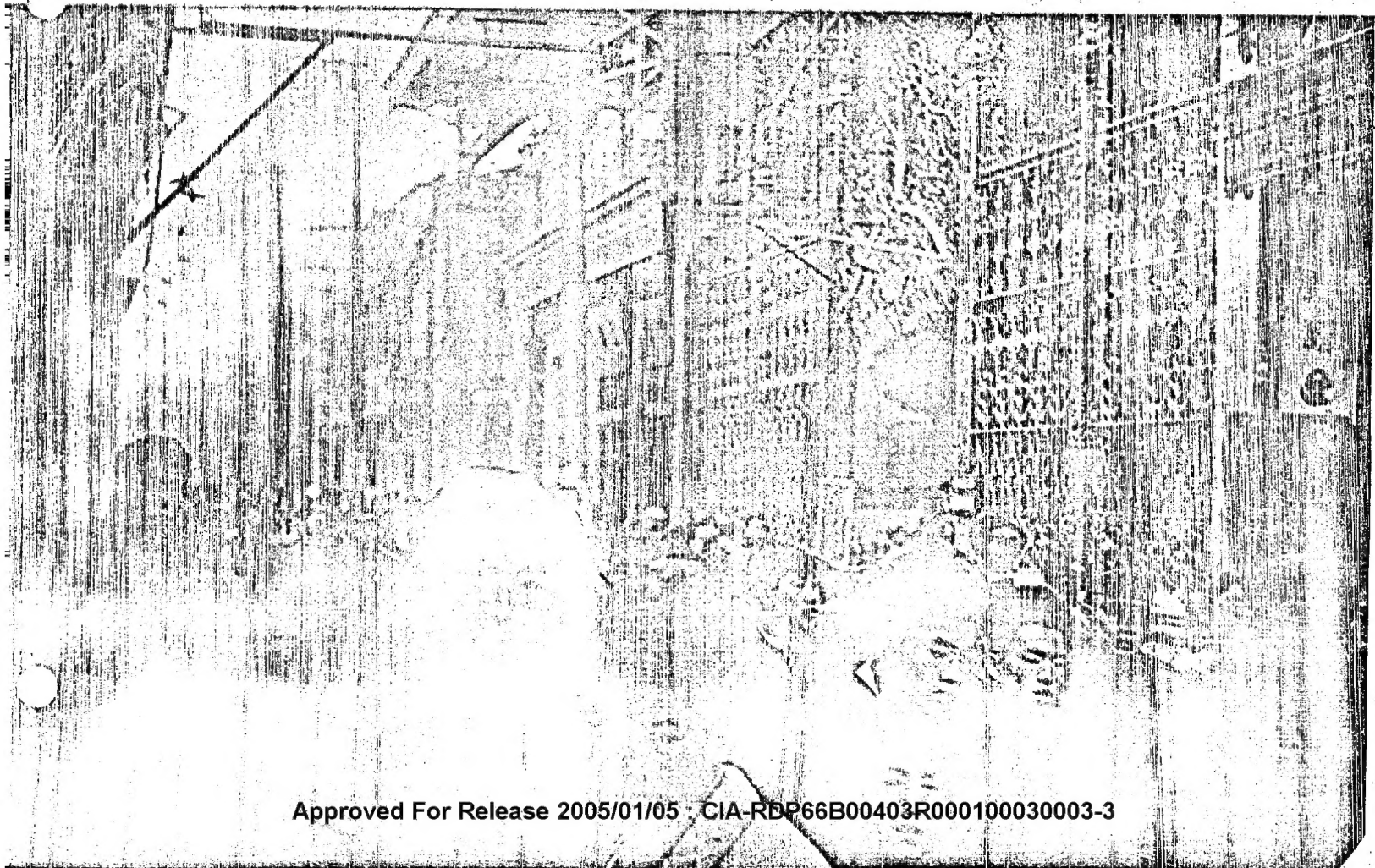
Months earlier, the plan to take over Burundi had been put into operation by Kao Liang, whose credentials identified him as a reporter for the New China News Agency. He was, in fact, an experienced agent who had formerly been active in India. He interviewed government officials in Burundi and was careful to mention the many advantages that would accrue to Burundi if it were to establish friendly relations with Red China. This is the standard beginning for Red Chinese infiltration of a new state.

Kao Liang, persuasive and skillful, had little trouble persuading the simple, naïve officials of Burundi that their future lay with

continued



Ancient farming methods (above) cannot produce enough to feed the urban masses (below). But there is more to eat than in the leanest years, 1960-61.



Red China has boldly infiltrated the African continent, and is succeeding

where the Soviet Union failed.

French diplomatic recognition, says

the author, has given the Chinese

their best propaganda weapon

in Africa. "Agents" of the

American Peace Corps have given

them their biggest headache.

Red China. When he cabled word of his success to the Foreign Office Ministry in Peking, his job was done. Immediately, Chang Yen, one of Mao's trusted lieutenants, was hurried to Burundi with an interpreter, a clerk, a radio engineer and a large amount of money. Chang Yen soon discovered that money could buy just about any Burundi official, and he passed it out with a lavish hand. He even found he could buy an army. He made contact with Gaston Soumialot, chief of the local rebel army and a follower of the late Congolese Communist leader, Patrice Lumumba. Soumialot moved into Chang's hotel, and, in effect, Chang became the quartermaster of the rebel army. It was easy to gain recruits as soon as they learned that each man who enlisted was given a year's pay—in advance.

Next, the Red Chinese Embassy was set up, and Chang began to rain money upon the bewildered but grateful citizenry. He even put checks into envelopes and distributed them in church pews. All the lucky worshipers had to do was go to the Embassy and cash the checks. Few had ever heard of Mao Tse-tung (many had never heard of China), but when Chang spread the word that all this munificence came from their great friend Mao, they began to feel an affection for their benefactor—and to be susceptible to the flow of propaganda that clever Chang Yen now unleashed.

Conditions in Burundi were ideal for propaganda purposes. Poverty, unemployment, ignorance and anti-European colonialism were weapons that only had to be picked up and used.

The pace of infiltration was accelerated last January when France recognized Communist China. Later, an embassy with a staff of 200 was set up in Paris. Funds were transferred from Switzerland to Paris, and the capital of France, rather than Bern, became the advance post for the Chinese infiltration of Africa. All propaganda literature used in Africa was now printed in Paris.

The Chinese Communists constantly heap praise on President Charles de Gaulle and use his recognition of Red China to intensify their activities in any section of Africa where France has influence. I learned all this at the Foreign Ministry's Department for African Affairs before I left on my Burundi assignment. I also learned that, when Premier Chou En-lai visited Egypt a year ago, he gave President Gamal Abdel Nasser \$50 million and the Algerian rebels the same amount.

The results of this subversive largess are becoming apparent as, week after week, new troubles

erupt in Africa. For example, Zanzibar, the island half of the British East African Federation, is now almost completely under the domination of pro-Peking Communists.

Ever since the break between the Soviet Union and Red China, we had been taught to believe that we had two diabolical enemies—Russia and the United States—and we were ordered to hate them with equal fervor. I was encouraged to ask questions while preparing for my African trip and, naturally, I asked how influential Russia was in Africa. To my surprise, I was told that the Soviet Union had little influence there. Russia's efforts to infiltrate the new nations were sneered at by the African Affairs officials of the Foreign Ministry.

"A political vacuum exists in Africa," they said. "And we intend to fill it. Our enemy in Africa is not Russia, but the United States. American agents under the name of the Peace Corps are the most dangerous opposition we have."

(This was the first time I had ever heard the expression "Peace Corps." When I arrived in the United States, I was anxious to learn more about this organization. I asked Lu Tseng-yu, a former Shanghai University professor who had escaped from Red China in 1957. He soon told me all about the Peace Corps. Not only Lu Tseng, but some government officials were surprised at the fear Red China has of the Corps. Perhaps the effect of this dedicated organization has been vastly underrated by the American press and public.)

China's ambassadors are all soldiers

I was taught many other things about Africa during my brief training period in Peking. I discounted much of it, mainly because of the stupidity of Ma Wen-sen, director of the Department for African Affairs. He seemed to know little about Africa and had never even been able to memorize the names of the new African nations. He was appointed to his position only because he had fought under Mao Tse-tung and was a loyal party member. Party loyalty—not experience, knowledge or skill—is the requirement for advancement or for appointment to high position. Mao Tse-tung trusts only old party comrades who "ate their belts" with him during the days of the Long March in 1934-35, or who fought by his side when he drove Chiang Kai-shek out of mainland China. That is why the 30 Red Chinese ambassadors abroad are all military men, with no training in diplomacy and no language other than their own. Most of them were with Mao on the Long March.

As I say, I had to discount much of what I was told during my training, but when I reached Burundi, I found that everything I had learned about the infiltration of Africa was the truth. I was in the Embassy only 18 hours, but several of those hours were spent with Ambassador Chang Yen, who told me gleefully how he was subverting Burundi with money from Peking. He also repeated Mao Tse-tung's dictum that Burundi was the gateway to the Congo and that once the Congo fell, all Africa would fall. He was supremely confident that this hope would be realized in the foreseeable future. Is he right? I cannot say, but I do know this: Right now, Africa is being infiltrated by Red China more than is Southeast Asia.

I have been told that only 12 defectors from

Red China ever managed to reach the United States, and that of the 12 it was the second government official. No one knows how many have attempted to escape, but failed. I was surprised to find that my case was unique: I was the only defector who had been brought up since childhood under the Communist educational system. Obviously, the Foreign Ministry felt when it sent me to Africa that I had been thoroughly indoctrinated.

Outwardly, the education system of Red China resembles the American system. Red China has grade schools from which students go on to high schools. Then, if a student passes a competitive examination, he is permitted to attend a university. But now that I've learned something about American education, I realize that any similarity between the two systems is superficial.

I attended grade school in my native Shanghai from 1949 through 1953. I learned to read, write and do simple arithmetic. The only history we were taught was that of Mao Tse-tung and his revolutionary movement. We learned little about Europe or the United States. Religion, of course, was a word we never heard. Children of grade-school age do not have inquiring minds, and we automatically accepted everything we were told. We knew of no political system other than the one under which we lived.

I was graduated and went on to the overcrowded Hon Kow High School, which had 2,500 students. Discipline was harsh. Bad grades, a careless anti-Communist remark, or stealing food were punished by expulsion. Those expelled were sent to rural areas to work the land. Bad grades were common, not because the students were especially stupid, but because they were especially hungry. Hunger, I discovered, made pupils not only sleepy but slow-witted. Every day, I would see classmates dropping off to sleep in class, and I knew that these were the ones who weren't getting enough to eat at home. Every family had ration books, but only families with Communist party members in their ranks received adequate food coupons. The rest of us had just enough food to keep us alive.

It was in high school that our real indoctrination began. We had daily lectures on the glory of communism as interpreted by Mao Tse-tung. Now, for the first time, I began to have doubts. The strict Communist dogma we were taught seemed to be flatly contradicted by the realities all around us. We were told that our standard of living was high. If this were so, why were most of the students constantly complaining of hunger? We were told that the best way to guarantee a brilliant future was to volunteer for agricultural labor in the farming regions. But every day, we met former high-school and college students in the streets of Shanghai who had volunteered. Completely disillusioned by farm life, they had deserted to drift back into the city. In doing this, they committed political and economic suicide. They could not get a job or a ration book. Their families had to support them and share scant rations with them.

"At least in the country, you had plenty to eat," I said to one of these deserters.

He answered bitterly, "Not as much as you here in Shanghai. Often, we had to live on the bark of trees. One day, a lecturer came from Peking to tell us how well off we were. He said that our

granaries were bursting with grain and rice. That night a group of hungry young farmers broke into two of them. Both were empty.

I noticed that when party members came to our school to lecture on the benefits of communism, they invariably carried watches and had fountain pens in their pockets. I asked my father why he didn't own a watch. He was a man who never criticized the party. He merely said that it would take six months of his salary to buy the cheapest watch. I began to realize that there was a strong caste system in Shanghai. Only the party leaders wore good clothes, looked well fed and carried watches and fountain pens. This, too, seemed a contradiction of everything we were being told.

We had been brought up to venerate Stalin only to a lesser degree than we worshiped Mao Tse-tung. When Nikita Khrushchev, in his report to the 20th Congress of the Communist party in February, 1956, startled the world by detailing what he called the crimes of the Stalin era, our newspapers printed his indictment. They also printed comments from foreign Communist newspapers. I was completely bewildered. Until the Sino-Soviet split, there was a contradiction between everything we had been taught concerning Stalin and such severe denunciations of him.

It was in 1957 that I definitely decided there was neither honor nor integrity in the Communist party leadership in China and that there must be a better and more dignified way of life. In February of that year, Mao Tse-tung made a speech that he called "The Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People." Mao actually asked for criticism by anyone who felt that communism could do better than it had been doing in China. "Let a hundred flowers blossom and let a hundred schools of thought contend," he cried. He insisted that only by hearing from a hundred schools of thought could arts, culture and science flourish. The teachers at my high school took him at his word. Each arose in public to criticize various aspects of the educational system. Many said it was absurd to send promising science students to work on farms. Others said that not enough attention was paid in the schools to cultural pursuits. Some were even more bitter in criticizing the regime.

What happened? One day, we arrived at school to find a new group of teachers. All of those who had accused Mao Tse-tung of being less than perfect had been branded as "rightists" and sent to rural sections to work as farm laborers. What happened seemed to me and to many other students a tragic betrayal. I knew now that never under communism could there be anything but one school of thought. This incident finally crystallized my decision to escape from Red China. But how?

I studied my problem as I might have studied mathematics. To begin with, I somehow had to prepare and educate myself for a position that would take me out of the country. I would also have to give as much lip service to the Communist cause as possible. There wasn't much I could do at high school except to study as diligently as I could to prepare myself for the college examinations. I eventually passed them and was allowed to enter the Institute of Foreign Languages in Shanghai. I said that I wished to concentrate on French. I knew that French was considered the official dip-

lomatic language and that not too many students elected to study French at least four hours a day, but I realized that there was something else equally important that I had to do. I had to join the Young Communist League, which was often a stepping-stone to membership in the Communist party. This was not easy, as the whole life and mind of a candidate were put under microscopic examination before he was accepted into the League.

We lived eight in a room at the Institute. One of the eight was a member of the Young Communist League, who made out weekly reports on the behavior and thinking of his roommates. I carefully watched every word I said, but even so, several adverse reports about me prompted the League to turn me down the first time I applied.

Student informers reported our dreams

Once a week, we all had to write a confession detailing even the slightest acts, words or thoughts we had had that might be construed as critical of communism. I made my reports as bland as possible, but then I was criticized for not being frank. Finally, I thought of something that might satisfy the League without involving me in serious trouble. I confessed I had bought a pair of shoes that I didn't really need, as I already had one pair. This was considered to be an example of bourgeois behavior. I was contrite in my self-criticism, but the offense was more heinous than I had anticipated. I was moved to a different part of the dormitory. It was another room for eight, but instead of one, there were two Young Communist League members to report our actions, our conversations and, I found, even our dreams. I was reported for talking in my sleep and for saying things that could be construed as criticism of the party. Shortly after this, I made a second application for membership in the League, but again was rejected.

I had little life outside my studies, and I didn't care for any. As I learned more and more French, my determination to get out of China was intensified. Occasionally, I was able to find a book, a newspaper or a pamphlet in French, and I devoured these as greedily as I devoured the corn husks, sweet potatoes and occasional spoonful of rice we were given for dinner. I learned a little, but not much, about the outside world. I learned something about the United States from our daily newspapers, which were, of course, constantly vilifying that country. I began to long to go to America for the very reasons for which it was being criticized. By now, I felt that anything that Mao Tse-tung hated must be good.

Life in Shanghai had changed considerably from the time my father was a young man. In those far-off days, every man yearned for a big family. It was different now. Mao Tse-tung was doing everything possible to reduce the population. All schools, factories, department stores and government agencies gave out birth-control information and contraceptives, and abortion was made legal and inexpensive. In fact, any pregnant girl could go to the nearest hospital and have an abortion performed without cost. At any university, a girl who became pregnant and refused an abortion was immediately expelled. If a man had made two women pregnant, he was "encouraged" to be sterilized. If

6 he refused, there was no apparent punishment, but thereafter he was considered to be a "rightist" and unworthy of ever holding a decent job.

During my last year at the Institute, a new law forbade any girl under 25 or any man under 30 to marry. If a married woman became pregnant, she was given 56 days off from her job—with pay. If she became pregnant a second time, she would be given the same. The third time, she was given no pay and usually lost her job.

The penalties for extramarital relations on the part of either male or female students at the Institute were so dreaded that I often used to think that we were the most circumspect scholars in the world. Desire is not an emotion that flourishes under fear. This campaign against overpopulation worked fairly well in the cities, but 80 percent of China is rural, and in the country, the kind of discipline enforced in Shanghai was impossible to invoke. The sons and daughters of farmers, whether married or not, ignored what they felt to be absurd restrictions against a normal way of life.

In Shanghai, rape and seduction were considered serious offenses, unless the act was committed by a visiting African. We all heard the story of an exchange student from Somaliland who had seduced seven girls. He had promised to marry each one and eventually take her back to Africa with him. The tears of the seven girls apparently touched the heart of the young man, and in a frenzy of remorse, he hurried to one of the two churches remaining in Shanghai and confessed his sins to a priest. He did not know, however, that the few "priests" in Shanghai were in reality government agents. The youth's story was immediately forwarded to local Communist officials. They considered the case and then decided to forget the whole thing. But because the seven girls had done some talking, the story became public property.

I asked a classmate why the Somali student had not been punished. "Don't you know?" he laughed. "All Africans must be treated with kid gloves. Our leader has great plans for Africa, and nothing must be done to hurt the feelings of any African." It was the first inkling I had that Africa was to be Mao's No. 1 target.

During my last year at the Institute, I was becoming more conscious than ever of the loss of dignity every citizen suffered under communism. Reports coming to Shanghai from the rural districts emphasized this fact. Ancestor worship has always been part of the Chinese philosophy. Perhaps "ancestor worship" is too dramatic a term. Chinese children, nevertheless, have always been brought up to respect their parents, their grandparents and, for that matter, their great-grandparents. Now, small groups of Peking agricultural experts were going from village to village asking for volunteers to dig up the ancient graveyards, gather the bones of their ancestors and help grind them into powder that could be used as fertilizer. It was natural that the villagers should protest against using the remains of their grandparents to help grow rice and corn. But the Chinese Communists are resourceful in some ways; if one plan does not seem to work, they always come up with an alternate. In this case, they merely asked volunteers from Village A to dig up the bones of those buried in the graveyard of Village B. This the

farmers didn't mind doing; after all, the dead in the graves of Village B were not their dead.

I wish I could report that there is growing unrest in Red China and that it is only a matter of time until the people rise up and overthrow Mao Tse-tung and his regime. But if I said that, it would be just wishful thinking. There is unhappiness, unrest and discouragement among the people, but there is apathy too. Mao is not quite the revered war hero that he was a few years ago. Millions hope that he will be replaced eventually by someone less stern, less attached to the inflexible dogma of communism. Their hopes rise no higher than this.

I know that many of my former classmates at the Institute envy me because I managed to break away, but I know, too, that they will never do anything to jeopardize the small but relatively safe sinecures their graduation from the Institute afforded them. I know that there have been anti-Communist cliques at various universities, but I know, too, that they have always been infiltrated by Young Communist League agents, reported to the authorities and their members set to work on farms. Thousands of intellectuals feel sullen resentment toward a system that does not allow them to fully realize their intellectual potential, but there is nothing they can do to change conditions.

Many people in the United States have great hopes that Chiang Kai-shek will eventually land an army on the mainland. If he ever does, millions will ask in bewilderment, "Who is Chiang Kai-shek?" Because of strict censorship by the Peking government, it is seldom that one sees his name. Mainland Chinese who remember Chiang view him now as the puppet ruler of Taiwan, an armed American colony. And they are told that when Chiang acts, the Americans pull the strings.

There are no "graduations" in China

But let me return to my story. When I finished my four years at the Shanghai Institute, I applied for permission to join the Commission for Cultural Exchange in Peking. Incidentally, there is no such thing as a "graduation ceremony" from a university; that is considered a bourgeois affectation. Upon completion of your studies, you are sent to work on the farms for one year, and I fully expected that this would be my fate. I still hadn't been allowed to join the Young Communist League, and as a rule, only its members were given preferential treatment and government jobs.

To my amazement, I was accepted by the Commission for Cultural Exchange. I had nothing but my good record in French to recommend me, but when I reached Peking, I discovered there were very few in the Cultural Commission who spoke French. My job was to act as interpreter at various international meetings. This wasn't very challenging work, but it did enable me to meet a great many foreigners, to learn more about the world outside China, and it improved my French.

Then, the opportunity unexpectedly arrived. I was selected to go to Burundi with the diplomatic rank of assistant cultural attaché. My new superior, Shen Chun, was the cultural attaché at our Embassy there. A careful, balding party member in his mid 30's, he was taking me to the interpreter because he, of course, spoke no French. After weeks of intensive briefing from our Chinese

The Communists have made China

the most terror-ridden nation in the world.

Mothers with more than two children are penalized. Extramarital sex brings harsh reprisals. Students cannot marry, and the government promotes free abortion and sterilization.

Those who do not submit to birth control are branded as "rightists."

"experts" on Africa, I went on a furlough to see my family in Shanghai. The farewell I bade them was more final than they realized.

Back in Peking, I took my clothing allowance, about \$400, and bought myself some suits, shirts, a couple of pairs of shoes and a suitcase. I tucked away five pounds of sterling, about \$14, for eventual escape funds. On May 19, Shen Chun and I flew from Peking to Canton on a government plane.

In Canton, we boarded an Air Pakistan airliner bound for Karachi. We had to wait two days there for a connecting flight. Shen remained by my side, and I worried that I might give myself away by talking in my sleep. I had thought about defecting in Karachi, but I spoke no English, and was afraid that no one there would speak French. So I decided to wait and see just how far away from Red China I could get.

From Karachi, we flew to Aden, Nairobi and then Kampala, in Uganda, close to Burundi. As the miles from my homeland multiplied, I became more and more preoccupied with escape. I wondered if my companion, Shen, was becoming suspicious of my silence, and tried to chat about trivial things, like the weather. I even debated asking him to defect along with me.

We landed in Bujumbura on May 25. I had half-hoped to make a break at the airport, but one of our diplomats was there to escort us to the Embassy's temporary headquarters in a wing of the Paguidas-Haidemenos Hotel. I kept watching for the right moment to escape.

It came early the next morning. I awoke about 6 a.m. and found Shen already gone from our room. I put on a shirt, trousers and bedroom slippers to look as casual as possible, and took an elevator to the lobby. Across the street, I could see a taxi stand. I went to our private dining room and gulped down breakfast. The others were still eating as I got up to leave. I sauntered out of the hotel and crossed the street. No one seemed to be watching. I jumped into a taxi and told the driver to rush me to the American Embassy. I had learned my French well, for he understood. We drove through Bujumbura, still cool in the quiet morning. The American Embassy was only five minutes away.

I got out of the taxi and looked at the stone building where all my hopes would culminate. Still wearing bedroom slippers, I shuffled in to the sur-
request for political asylum: "*Je vous demande l'asile politique aux États-Unis.*" I was free.

THE CHINESE BOMB

MENACE

BY T GEORGE HARRIS LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

MAO TSE-TUNG, poet-dictator of the biggest nation in history, looks to some like a stupid peasant in a morality play. With evil pride, while his family starves, he buys an expensive firecracker to impress the neighbors. In this make-believe, you don't wonder what Mao can, in fact, do with his bomb.

He may have plans. But the leaders and press of the Western world, responsible men, have taken pains to prevent public panic over the new menace. We hear their reassurances before we hear the worries that prompt them. The thin Red economy, we are told, will need several hard years—anywhere, estimates say, from five to twenty-five—to build nuclear-armed ICBM's to threaten us.

Whatever comfort this calendar offers, it implies a harsh reality that has to be faced: The nuclear thunder out of China announced a newly formidable foe among nations. A hungry giant has grasped the science and technology of modern power. In the rush to explain China's weaknesses, we pass by the menace of its rising strength.

Most reports have, in our "be calm" mood, wildly understated Chinese advance and ambition. Diplomats tend to declare that China's main use of the bomb will be as a status symbol in Southeast Asia. But China's imperialistic ambitions reach far beyond Asia—into troubled Africa.

Never mind, one diplomat told me, the Africans are superstitious about radioactive damage to their manhood. As dedicated bomb-banners, he said, they will hold the Chinese responsible.

Even the military menace has been given the once-over-lightly in public. Though the Chinese

announced an "atom bomb," U.S. experts first put it down as a rudimentary test "device" made of plutonium. The implication: China could not yet produce fuel enough for more than a blast or two, had not built the ordnance to make its device portable. The fallout proved to be from a bomb as advanced as our Hiroshima "Lean Boy." More surprises may follow: In 1959, when the Chinese went all-out for the bomb, they knew what they needed. They also knew their bomb would never be considered a weapon, even for defense, if they did not develop a way to transport it to a target.

So? Key scientists who study atomic intelligence think the Chinese started on these lesser jobs years ago—and are now very close to a workable weapons system. "It's too dangerous," says a careful strategist, "to assume otherwise."

Obviously, they are years behind the U.S. in ICBM's, but this smug comparison leaves out something. They do not need ICBM's to put a bomb on Taiwan, or South Vietnam, or India—or, as the Russians know, Outer Mongolia. They can threaten their neighbors, already under pressure, with crude rockets (they have a U.S.-trained specialist) or rebuilt IL-28 bombers (Russian-contributed).

Mao Tse-tung, who acts with more caution than he talks, may only rattle his atoms. He would be hard put to find an A-bomb target that would not trigger H-bomb retaliation. Our policy-makers automatically assume that any attack upon a non-Communist nation requires us to destroy all of China's nuclear machinery by push-button missiles.

hardly foolproof. "Our superiority is overwhelming, and we will make it damn clear to the Chinese," says a policy-maker. Then he goes on to his deeper worry. "They are the first nation to have this power that is not concerned about what happens to its people." Elderly Mao, he knows, may one day be replaced by a less cautious man.

In this context, possession of atomic potential ended the era when China was only a regional power. On his way to the bomb, Mao knocked out the No. One Russian, Nikita Khrushchev, and took over as chief Communist. Counterpressures against him lost force. He need no longer even be fretted by Chiang Kai-shek's faded dream of reconquest. Red China has become the major menace to a nervous world. The West has its hands full.

Behind such military and diplomatic results, already visible, stands the scientific and technological cause. China's atomic explosion cannot be treated, though some try, as an isolated achievement of an otherwise primitive society. We made that mistake once before. After Russia first tested an atomic device in September of 1949, the U.S. foolishly underestimated its expanding potential.

We wasted years on internal wrangles over whom to blame. You remember the big debate at home: How had our atom secrets fallen into enemy hands? But for traitors, many were persuaded, the backward Russians would never have produced A-bombs or H-bombs. Scientists argued with the witch-hunters, but shared their mistaken estimate of Russian technology. The bomb, many felt, was a one-shot act put on at great cost by a country that could do little more for years. Experts explained that the Soviets had no "broad base of secondary scientific and technological resources." They talked as they now talk about China.

Only a few men saw the deeper error. Dr. M. H. Trytten, director of scientific manpower for the National Academy of Sciences, worried over a remark he had heard all too often from free-world researchers who watched their Russian counterparts. "I know the Russians can't be doing much along other lines," each would tell him, "but in my part of science, they're moving up fast." Trytten, a methodical Minnesotan, compiled an index of specifics. He organized Library of Congress and CIA teams to study Soviet publications.

As his evidence confirmed his worst fears, Trytten ran into widely held and complacent myths. Many scientists, devoted to free inquiry, could not accept the idea that science could make general, if uneven, progress under a dictatorship. Science writers shared the dogma. Without public warnings from the press, Government officials were slow to consider Trytten's evidence on its merit.

I happened to know Dr. Trytten during those years—1952 and 1953—when he first tried to sound the alarm. He was like a man who saw his house afire, but could not rouse the fire department. He eventually persuaded President Eisenhower's National Security Council to read his report on Russia's massive training for scientists and technicians.

But the U.S., which depends upon the spon-

and the atomic bomb, did not wake up until the next shock. In 1957, we looked up to see Sputnik I and dog-toting Sputnik II soaring across our skies. Then the missile race turned serious, and, more to the point, we sensed the total challenge to our technological supremacy—dangerously late.

The recent Chinese blast sent me back to Trytten, who still advises the Government on science. Surely, I said, we aren't back in the same situation. "Well," he answered mildly, "I have thought so for quite a while. It is much harder to get reports on what the Chinese are doing than it was on the Russians. But we know some of it. In one area, micromolecules and cell biology, we suspect that they may become world leaders."

Behind the bamboo curtain, it now appears, the Chinese technological drive overrides all other considerations, except, perhaps, Mao's yen for suspicion and tyranny. The West had its first informed peep in the late 1950's when Canadian geophysicist J. Tuzo Wilson was allowed to visit research centers. In Peking, he found efficient new labs for 100,000 teachers and students. He rode new railroads over the interior plains to a vast new research complex in Lanchow. This center, specializing in physics, probably supervised the recent nuclear test. The technology poured into the bomb represents major resources brought into use in spite of economic disasters.

Why? A fanatic lust for technology has been a standard trait of communism. In Russia during the Battle of Leningrad, when old women dug trenches in the bitter cold, healthy young men never missed a day's study at the technical institute. In China, the Marxist adoration of science is compounded by a specific national experience. The ancient Chinese intellectual tradition, which produced gunpowder, turned decadent and lost out to the science-minded vigor of the West. This historic loss of face may explain why Americans of Chinese descent feel deeply about the sciences and contribute far more than their share to U.S. scientific advance. They fill about 2,000 key research and teaching jobs. In Red China, where the hate of "foreign devils" survives in daily "kill Americans" ritual, dictator Mao uses the built-up anger of the centuries to justify investing in technology while millions go hungry. Even in a crude and wasteful economic system, the monster effort is apt to pay off better than it did for the Russians.

Said Tuzo Wilson: "The science in this wild and frenziedly growing outpost of Asia is, though limited by [lack of trained] manpower, unquestionably up-to-date both in technology and theory."

Mao Tse-tung's passion for nuclear power was the decisive factor in recent Communist history and in Khrushchev's rise and fall. On the way up, Khrushchev moved to solidify his satellite empire by mollifying its most independent element. He gave China, on October 15, 1957, a treaty promising economic assistance and nuclear resources. Capital goods and technicians poured across the border, in two years completed 200 economic projects—plus nuclear-reactor facilities.

Khrushchev became wary of Mao's prime de-



MAO TSE-TUNG, SCULPTURE BY JACK GREGORY PHOTOGRAPHED BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK

mand. not for peaceful atoms, but for war weapons. The technicians began to drag their feet, and the Chinese, in retaliation, made life "unbearable" for their big brothers. On June 20, 1959, the Chinese later charged, Khrushchev "unilaterally scrapped the agreement concerning defense technology [and] refused to supply China with atomic-bomb samples and technical materials." China's explanation: Khrushchev, in the "Spirit of Camp David," broke the treaty "apparently as a gift" to bring to President Eisenhower. Soviet technicians decamped by the trailload.

The West rejoiced at the split, but not at some

of its consequences. On Halloween of 1961, the Spirit of Camp David turned into a ghost. Russia triggered a 58-megaton H-bomb, the closest thing to a doomsday device ever to foul the earth's atmosphere. The 1961 tests, and a 1962 series, were probably a bid for a decisive lead over the U.S. We resumed testing. But the Russians' performance, though in the Arctic, was staged in such a way as to remind their Chinese allies how a big radioactive bomb set off along their border one spring would drift its poison over most of the land.

If mushroom smoke signals sent rude messages, the atomic tests sent even ruder ones. Russia and China were advanced Marxist cussing. The Chinese ac-

cused Khrushchev of marching into a "revisionist quagmire." Khrushchev called them "madmen." The West listened with understandable self-interest to the argument's main theme. Not often do we hear two monster nations in formal debate over whether, for the sake of ideological purity, they must jointly abolish the rest of us with nuclear weapons. No comparable dialogue has been reported since ancient Greece, where, according to Thucydides, the Melians failed to persuade the Athenians, by logic, not to enslave or kill them.

By this fall, the Red Chinese seemed, like the Athenians, to be winning on points. Khrushchev called this December's international meeting of Communist leaders from 26 countries. His purpose: to ban madmen from the Soviet bloc. But he found he did not have the votes. Many other Communist groups, while not eager for nuclear war, objected to the spin-off of China. The monolithic unity of the Soviet empire was whirling into "polycentrism." To avoid total Russian embarrassment, Khrushchev's hand-picked subordinates pushed old Nick aside—only hours before Mao's bomb went off near the Russian border.

Since then, the Communists have sweated over new alignments. Most Sovietologists believe Russia and China will try to heal their split, but

fail. If the bear and the dragon wrestle on the brink of nuclear war, no human can sleep safely.

For the free world, Red China's new power and ambition can only be a menace. But, as Russia found, such ambition brings new discipline and the beginnings of restraint. China's heavy trade with Japan is jeopardized by fallout. China's infiltration project in Africa would be blown to bits by further atomic explosions. Aware of the stakes, Mao accompanied his boast of his bomb with a pledge "never at any time and under any circumstances to be the first to use nuclear weapons."

To force him to keep that promise will be the business of U.S. policy. The job demands, as Lyndon Johnson said, "great American firmness and good sense." Our ultimate weapon, the loyalty and initiative of free men, is blocked off by China's total isolation. We must break through. The dragon, now growing nuclear teeth, cannot be left to hide behind its bamboo curtain. The close-in struggle with Russia has proved that, while we cannot end the Communists' drive to rule the world, we can make each piece of it too costly for them to try to take. In time, the war urge of the Chinese may be turned, like that of the Russians, toward scientific and economic competition for the respect of the nations caught between them and us. END